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*Children's songs for town and
country life, by L.H.*

L. H, Children

2522 d .7

B B





THE CHILDREN ON THE WATER.

We glide slowly downwards,
In sight of the shore,
Our morning song singing,
Whilst plying the oar.

[See page 24.]

CHILDREN'S SONGS

FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

BY
L. H.



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HAY-MAKING.

BIRDS are singing,
Flowers up-springing,
On this pleasant summer's day ;
Men are mowing,
Maidens going
To the meadows to make hay.

HAY-MAKING.

Grass and clover,
Turn it over,
Let it dry this summer's day ;
Haycocks making,
Tossing, raking,
All are busy making hay !

Soft winds blowing,
Light clouds going,
O'er the sky this summer's day ;
Cuckoos flying
Far off, crying
"Cuckoo," while we make the hay.

Larks up-springing—
Children flinging
Flowers around them while they play ;
Singing, smiling,
Time beguiling,
When we toss about the hay.

Till the morrow
Leave all sorrow,
Care and worry put away ;
While 'tis sunny
Bees make honey—
We are busy making hay.

L.



CATCHING PRAWNS.

ALL among the slippery rocks,
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,
See Fred, and May, and little Flo!
Net in hand, they cunning look
In each sea-weed hidden nook,
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

"Catch them—catch them quick!" cries May.
"Hold the net down—that's the way,
Just as the fisherman would do."
In the water, Fred, knee deep,
Sinks his net, and makes a sweep,
And some are caught, and some leap through.

"Will they bite me?" falters Flo.
Braver May replies, "Oh, no!
Now, hold the basket—that's the thing!
Shut the lid, or out again
They'll jump back; and what would Jane
Say, if no supper home we bring?"

The prawns they swim, the prawns they leap;
But suddenly the pool gets deep,
And little Flo calls out to May.
The rising tide has nearly caught her,
And filled her little shoes with water,
And see! the basket floats away.

KING ARTHUR.

Fred, in alarm, flings down his net,
And catches Flo (his darling pet),
And in his arms he holds her tight.
"Grasp my jacket, May!" he cries,
As to gain the shore he tries,
And struggles on with all his might.

Wet—as wet as wet can be—
Stand the little shivering three,
No prawns, no basket, and no net.
Long, I think, 'twill be ere 'they
Are allowed to go and play
At catching prawns, and getting wet.

A.



KING ARTHUR.

WHEN Arthur reigned in Camelot,
A hundred knights at table sat;
They never knew from day to day,
Or what they drank, or what they ate.

Except on Sunday—then the king
His knights with beef and pudding fed;
A flagon of beer was each man's cheer,
And butter had they on their bread.

A.





THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

SHE woke with the birds this morning,
When the sun was rising bright,
And she's churning now in the glimmer
Of the waning evening light.

THE SAND CASTLE.

She made the cheese in the dairy ;
She watched the cows in the lane ;
She's active and light as a fairy,
Our little dairy-maid Jane.

To-morrow she'll go to market,
O'er hill, and meadow, and down—
In her white sun-bonnet and kerchief,
And tidy purple gown—
With eggs, and fruit, and butter,
Which bring her a wide renown ;
And she sells them to the gentry,
In yonder market town.

Still, as she churns, her singing,
Like song of a woodland bird,
Thro' the open lattice window
All cheerfully is heard.
I know not which is sweetest,
The carol of birds in the lane,
Or the notes that I love so dearly,
Of little dairy-maid Jane.

L.



THE SAND CASTLE.

THE tide is out, and all the strand
Is glistening in the summer sun ;
Let's build a castle of the sand—
Oh! will not that be glorious fun ?

THE SAND CASTLE.

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
Where England's flag may proudly float.

And where the drawbridge ought to be,
We'll make a causeway to the shore,
Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks;
But we have built it strong and well;
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

"Haul down your flag!" "Oh, no!" we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar—
The castle sinks; but we march out
With all the honours of the war.

A.



THE BROTHER'S CHARGE.

SUSAN, promise that you'll stay
Quietly at home to day ;
Mother's ill, and weak, and sad,
We must try and make her glad ;
Peel potatoes, boil the rice,
Get the dinner hot and nice.

We must be her help and stay,
Putting childish things away ;
To the hill-side I must go,
Plants to set, and beans to hoe ;
So to you I leave the care,
All this day, of mother dear.

When the sunset gilds the pane,
I shall be at home again ;
You'll get mother's cup of tea,
And some bread and cheese for me ;
You shall knit, I'll read the while,
And the evening hours beguile.

L.





THE ORCHARD WELL.

To the orchard with my pitcher
Mother sends me morn and night,
For the pure and cool spring water,
Sparkling ever fresh and bright.

THE ORCHARD WELL.

'Tis so cool—the orchard water!
Shelter'd by the apple trees,
With the green grass all around it,
Rustling in the summer breeze.

Golden buttercups grow near it,
Daisies whiten all the grass;
Wearied cattle wandering hither,
Crop at leisure as they pass.

There the water blithely bubbling,
Breaks from many a little spring,
And above, the apple branches
With the birds' sweet twittering ring.

When the trees are white with blossom,
There I love to sit awhile,
For a moment calmly resting,
By the rustic moss-grown stile.

For within that pleasant orchard
Butterflies of varied hue
Gaily sport throughout the summer,
Crimson, yellow, white, and blue.

Bees delight to search the clover,
Growing large and ruddy there;
Squirrels, with their tails so bushy,
Sometimes even venture near.

And I often bring old Jenny
Treasures which she prizes well—

THE MAYING-TIME.

Mallow leaves, and horehound bunches,
Camomile of pungent smell.

These she hangs within her cottage,
Till each leaf and flower is dry,
And the sick and ailing neighbours
Value Jenny's med'cines high.

Sometimes, too, I gather posies
For the sick boy in the lane ;
How he loves the orchard flowers
Which he ne'er will pluck again !

So, tho' oft I find my pitcher
Heavier than you can tell,
Yet I love my daily visit
To the pleasant orchard well.

L.



THE MAYING-TIME.

WHEN the days are growing long,
When the Spring is in its prime,
When the thrushes sing their song,
Then we know 'tis maying time.
Lads and lasses, off we go,
To the woods a-maying, O !

THE MAYING-TIME.

Green and soft the grass below,
Blue and clear the sky above;
On each bank the wild-flowers grow,
In each thicket coos the dove:
And all mirthfully we go
Through the woods a-maying, O!

Violets yet lurk around,
Growing scarcer every day;
Still the primroses abound,
But to pluck them do not stay:
'Tis for hawthorn that we go
In the woods a-maying, O!

To the city's dusk and gloom
We will bear our snowy freight—
Nosegays for the dingy room,
Spreading branches for the grate—
Handfuls, armfuls, white as snow,
From the woods a-maying, O!

Granny says, 'twas sweeter May—
Finer too—when she was young,
That the cuckoo was more gay,
And more loud the thrush's song:
But we're happy when we go
To the woods a-maying, O!

L.





THE WASHERWOMAN.

"OH, the joy of honest labour!
Working for our bread,
When we know that, thro' our toiling,
Those we love are fed.

THE WASHERWOMAN.

“Up so early in the morning,
Often late at night,
Working from the early glimmer,
Till the latest light.

“Washing, rubbing, rinsing, scrubbing,
Scarce a moment's rest,
Save when comes the quiet Sunday,
To the poor how blest!

“If I gain some minutes' leisure,
Far between and few,
Then I stitch with busy fingers,
Making old things new.

“Oh! I'm happy when I'm busy,
And I love my work,
Knowing that in sloth and pleasure
Dangers often lurk.

“And I read this in my Bible,
Of all books the best—
How it strengthens me in trouble!—
'This is not your rest.'

“No; the rest we hope to enter,
When this life is past,
Is beyond all measure glorious,
And will always last.”

L.





SCHOOL SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

LITTLE children still we are,
Fond of learning we should be,
Silent as the little star,
Busy as the little bee.

Little stars shine all the night,
High and quiet, clear and bright ;
We should so our tasks fulfil,
Watchful, steady, bright, and still.

Little fish are lively, too,
Sportively their work they do ;
When the day dawns, out they swim,
Searching up and down the stream.

Little birds their wisdom bring,
Teaching children as they sing :
“ Daylight now begins to peep,
Children must no longer sleep.”

When we learn with patient zeal,
Much less hard our task we feel ;
Doubly sweet is rest, if we
Diligent and earnest be.

O.





BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

“Now, let's have a game of play,
Lucy, Jane, and little May.
I will be a grisly bear,
Prowling here and prowling there,

BOYS' PLAY AND GIRLS' PLAY.

Sniffing round and round about,
Till I find you children out ;
And my dreadful den shall be
Deep within the hollow tree."

" Oh, no ! please not, Robert dear,
Do not be a grisly bear ;
Little May was half afraid
When she heard the noise you made,
Roaring like a lion strong,
Just now, as you came along ;
And she 'll scream and start to-night,
If you give her any fright."

" Well, then, I will be a fox !
You shall be the hens and cocks,
In the farmer's apple-tree,
Crowing out so lustily.
I will softly creep this way—
Peep—and pounce upon my prey ;
And I'll bear you to my den—
Where the fern grows in the glen."

" Oh, no, Robert ! you're so strong !
While you're dragging us along,
I'm afraid you'll tear our frocks.
We *won't* play at hens and cocks."
" If you won't play fox or bears,
I'm a dog, and you be hares ;
Then you'll only have to run—
Girls are never up to fun."

THE CHILDREN ON THE WATER.

"You've *your* play, and we have *ours*.
Go and climb the trees again.
I, and little May, and Jane,
Are so happy with our flowers.
Jane is culling foxglove bells,
May and I are making posies,
And we want to search the dells
For the latest summer roses."

L.



THE CHILDREN ON THE WATER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE waves murmur softly,
The wind rustles low,
In gentle play tossing
The boat to and fro.

We glide slowly downwards,
In sight of the shore,
Our morning song singing,
Whilst plying the oar.

The blue sky is cloudless,
The water is clear;
Lambs play by the stream,
Which is murmuring near.

THE CHILDREN ON THE WATER.

Still on us the morning
Sheds roseate light;
Life's cares have not hid it
As yet from our sight.

O morning! O spring-time!
You hasten away,
Like children pursuing
Their frolics in May.

Like play-time and pleasure,
Like waves in the bay,
Like bloom and like fragrance,
Your beams fade away.

And lengthen the shadows,
And fadeth the light!
In darkness and silence,
Near draweth the night.

Then Home let us hasten,
Like birds to their nest,
And with our Father
Find shelter and rest.





THE COTTAGE HOME.

COME, my children, to your supper,
Put your books and toys away ;
Annie, you may leave your stitching,
You have done enough to-day

THE COTTAGE HOME.

Ready for you on the table,
Filled with milk the basins stand ;
Not a child could wish for better,
Not the fairest in the land !

Now I cut the loaf of barley,
Each shall have a slice in turn ;
First stand up, and ask the blessing—
To be grateful let us learn !

While the grey November twilight
Gathers darkly all around,
In the wind the trees are rocking,
With a sad and moaning sound.

But our kitchen seems the brighter
For the outside dark and gloom,
While the flickering rosy fire-light
Dances round the pleasant room.

Sometimes resting for a moment
On the curls of little Ned,
As he sits upon the trivet,
Busy with his milk and bread.

Sometimes flashing on the cradle,
Where, within the curtains white,
Sleeps the quiet little baby,
Tucked in snugly for the night.

Still without the night grows darker,
And the wind sighs deeper still,

THE GOOD OLD TIME.

While around us there are many
Naked, hungry, sad, and ill.

O my children ! we are happy,
Let us be so while we may ;
And for all our many blessings,
Be more thankful every day !

M.



THE GOOD OLD TIME.

OH ! for the merry days of old,
When London streets were paved with gold,
And pearls and rubies glittered fine,
And every fountain ran with wine ;
And arm-ed knights, with lance in rest,
Rode up and down on high behest,
That they might every wrong redress,
And succour any in distress ;
And Jack the Giant-killer flew
(The seven-league boots were always new),
From place to place, with sword in hand,
And of all monsters rid the land :
For there was peace from sea to sea,
While Arthur reigned right royally.

A.





JOHNNY'S FLOWER.

FATHER says, I must not sorrow,
I'll forget my care to-morrow ;
But he does not know that Johnny
Gave that flower-pot to me,
When he went away to sea,
Kissing me so lovingly.

JOHNNY'S FLOWER.

And he said, "Will you take care
Of my flower, sister Clare,
For the sake of brother Johnny?
Will you water it each day,
Place it in the sun's warm ray—
Tend it, care for it alway?

"And I'm sure you'll think of me,
Far away upon the sea—
You will not forget your Johnny!
And when I come back to you,
O'er the waters wide and blue,
I shall find my Clare was true.

"And I'll bring you dainty shells,
Treasures from the coral cells,
For I know you think of Johnny;
And you'll keep my blossom fair,
For the brother's love I bear
To my own sweet sister Clare.

"Three times must it bud and bloom,
In our father's little room,
Ere again you see your Johnny;
Thrice its leaves must withered be,
Ere I come across the sea,
To the home so dear to me."

Then he kissed and bade farewell,
On the leaves his tear-drops fell—
Dearest little brother Johnny!

THE OLD MAN IN THE MOON.

Now his flower will droop and die,
See, its leaves all withered lie—
Can I help but sit and cry?

L.



THE OLD MAN IN THE MOON.

"SAY, where have you been, Frank—say, where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a long way; I have been to the moon."

"But how did you get there? and what have you seen?"

"Oh! I went, to be sure, in my little balloon."

"And I've seen—why, I've seen the old man who lives there;

And his mouth it grew bigger the nearer I got;
So I pulled off my hat, made a bow with an air,
And said, 'Sir, you inhabit a very bright spot.'

"And the old man he laughed, and he laughed long and loud;

And he patted my cheek, as he graciously said,
'You had better return, nor get lost in a cloud;
And besides, it is time that we both were in bed.'"

A.



SUNDAY.

SUNDAY bells are round us ringing,
Calling to the house of prayer ;
On the trees the birds are singing,
Joyful everywhere.

Thro' green lanes the country people
Walk, arrayed in Sunday-best,
While the clang from tower and steeple,
Tells the day of rest.

In the towns, the busy crowd now
Cease their daily toil and care ;
Haughty men are humbly bowed now,
In the house of prayer.

All thro' England's isle extending,
North and south, and east and west,
Young and old to church are wending,
On this day of rest.

Put away all evil feeling,
Vengeful thoughts and worldly greed,
And within God's temple kneeling,
Ask for what you need.

Yielding Him your spirit wholly,
On this one brief day in seven,
Keep the Sunday calm and holy,
For it points to heaven.

L.





THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT.

“OH, Father! rest awhile,
From your work in the forest lone,
And tell us about your early life,
And the happy time that's gone.

THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT.

Tell us about the land
Which we hope to see some day;
The home where your forefathers rest,
In the country far away."

"Yes, children, so I will;
My thoughts are often there,
When my hands are busy with daily toil,
And my axe rings through the air.
I see no more these pines,
Or the dusky fir-trees stand,
For my heart's away to the little cot,
In my own dear native land.

"The cottage by the brook—
I hear it babbling still—
The old grey church, and the village street,
And the busy water-mill;
The cows in the pleasant mead,
Where the blue-bells grew the best,
The orchard where the linnet sang,
And the blackbird built its nest.

"I see it all again;
It rises bright and clear,
The home where all my youth was spent,
In the land I hold so dear.
Knitting within the porch,
I see my mother now,
With the honeysuckle o'er her head,
And the sunshine on her brow.

THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT.

“And ~~there~~ beside the barn
I see my sisters stand,
Feeding the ducks and fowls, that flock
For supper from their hand;
I hear my brother John
Singing, as in comes he,
‘Oh! there’s no land like England,
Whatever land there be.’

“My youngest sister Kate,
With cheeks like early rose,
She was the darling of the house,
And led us as she chose;
With shining golden hair,
And merry springing bound.
She lies beside my mother,
In the village churchyard ground!

“But Jane and Ann are wives,
And seldom write to me;
Poor John is in Australia,
Far, far across the sea;
But in the dear old cottage
Still lives my brother Will,
And the brook still runs beside the hedge,
And the orchard stands there still.

“May Heaven hear my prayer!
And after years of toil,
Grant I may find a home again
Upon my native soil.

FATHER'S RETURN HOME.

So with cheerful heart I work—
And work seems almost play—
While I think about my childhood's home,
In old England far away."

L.



FATHER'S RETURN HOME.

RAINDROPS patter,
Hailstones clatter,
Round the cottage sweeps the gale;
Raging, moaning,
Blustering, groaning,
Now a roar, and now a wail.

Dripping, dreary,
Shivering, weary,
Father comes in from the gloom;
Brightly glowing,
Welcome throwing,
Shines the fire-light thro' the room.

FATHER'S RETURN HOME.

Savoury smelling
Through the dwelling,
Browns the oatcake in the pan ;



Bridget bakes it,
Turns it, shakes it,
For the hungry, tired man.

SPRING.

Blue eyes beaming,
White teeth gleaming,
Peeps the youngest from his cot ;
Little Lizzy,
Blithe and busy,
Makes the porridge thick and hot.

These are pleasures,
These are treasures,
Wealth and power may fail to bring ;
Radiance casting,
Pure and lasting,
Joys from honest toil that spring.

M.



S P R I N G .

HAIL! the days of early spring-time,
When the first young buds are seen,
When the air is soft and balmy,
And the daisies deck the green.

When the birds begin to twitter,
And the little lambs appear,
Frolicking with wild enjoyment,
In the childhood of the year.

CHRISTMAS.

Then has dreary Winter left us,
Bearing with it cold and gloom ;
Hope once more our hearts inspiring,
Tinges all with rosy bloom.

And there thrills such joy within us,
At the beauty bursting round,
That no room for care or sorrow
Longer in our hearts is found.

Running brooks and murmuring breezes,
Bees and birds, and fragrant flowers,
Cawing rooks, and lowing cattle,
Welcome back the Spring-tide hours.

Then, since all the earth is joyful,
Let it now with praises ring,
Praise to Him who gave the sunshine,
Praise to Him who made the Spring.

L.



CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the merry pealing bells
Steal upon the rising breeze,
Echo thro' the snowy dells,
Echo thro' the leafless trees.

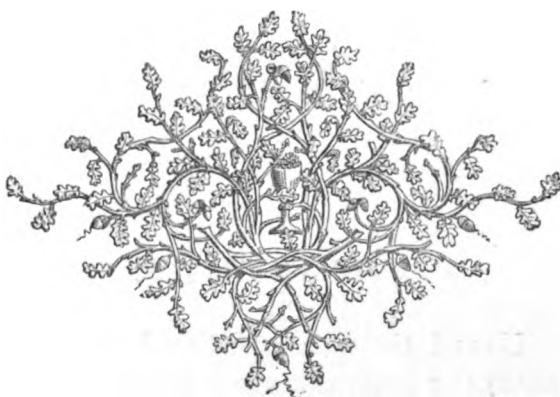
CHRISTMAS.

Hark! they say 'tis Christmas-tide,
Merry Christmas comes again—
Comes to tell the world so wide,
Who was born the world to gain.

Men and women, children, 'babes,
Joyful wake—'tis Christmas-day!
Birds, sing out your sweetest songs,
Sun, shine forth your brightest ray!

Let all hearts with gladness bound,
Let all hearts be good and true;
Peace on earth, good-will around,
Be our motto, ever new.

And let those who thus rejoice,
Christmas carols gladly raise,
Joining heart and soul and voice,
In our Christmas hymns of praise.





JENNY'S TROUBLE.

JENNY's in a peck of trouble,
She has broke her precious doll;
So she heeds not father's stories,
Which he tells to Anne and Moll.

JENNY'S TROUBLE.

Little Jenny puts her finger
In the corner of her eye;
Very soon, I think, you'll see her
Bursting out into a cry.

Call her quickly, tell her something;
Say: "The kitten's got the ball,"—
If you rouse her from her trouble,
Jenny will forget it all.

Give her not a word of pity,
Give her not a word of blame;
Say not, "Never mind it, Jenny."
Say not, "Broke it! oh! for shame!"

Blame and pity will but harrow
The young tendrils of her heart;
If she once forget her sorrow,
She'll no longer feel its smart.

Happy children—happy parents—
If their blessings they but knew!—
If they only made life's trials,
Times for taking heart anew!

Give no time to fruitless sorrow,
If you would the victory gain!
So the chief, in battle worsted,
Takes a breath, and fights again.

O.



A U T U M N.

GOLDEN Autumn comes again,
With its storms of wind and rain,
With its fields of yellow grain.

Gifts for man and bird and brute,
In its wealth of luscious fruit,
In its store of precious root.

Trees bend down with plum and pear,
Rosy apples scent the air,
Nuts are ripening everywhere.

Thro' the lanes where "bindweed" weaves
Graceful wreaths of clustering leaves,
Home the reapers bear the sheaves.

Singing loud their harvest song,
In their hearty rustic tongue—
Singing gaily, old and young.

Singing loud beside the wain,
With its load of bursting grain,
Dropping all along the lane.

Mice and ant and squirrel fill
Now their garners at their will,
Only drones need hunger still.

AUTUMN.

Flocks of sparrows downward fly
From their hawthorn perch on high,
Pecking each one greedily.

Though the summer flowers are dead,
Still the poppy rears its head,
Flaunting gaily all in red.

Still the daisy, large and white,
Shining like a star at night,
In the hedge-row twinkles bright.

Still the "Traveller's Joy" is seen,
Snowy white, o'er leaves of green,
Glittering in its dewy sheen.

Still the foxglove's crimson bell,
And the fern-leaves in the dell,
Autumn's parting beauty tell.

Purple sunsets, crimson leaves,
Fruit and flowers and golden sheaves,
Autumn gives us ere she leaves.

L.





THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

COME, beat the drum, the flag display,
And give three hearty cheers ;
We'll muster for a grand field day
Our little Volunteers.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Come, each with knee-cap, belt, and pouch,
And rifle duly borne ;
And let the general-order book
Say, "Shakos to be worn."

Our Adjutant shall put us through
Our facings and our drill ;
We hope he'll praise our soldierlike
Appearance and our skill.

Our Captain, too, will draw his sword,
And, marching at our head,
He'll vow that we're as brave a troop
Of boys as e'er were led.

Each private then within the ranks
Will feel his bosom glow,
And burn in real fields to try
His prowess 'gainst the foe.

Oh ! if young Boney e'er should hatch
His uncle's mad design,
And think beyond the Channel's gulf
To spring a dreadful mine ;

He ne'er can win on British soil
A place his foot to set ;
But from thy point must needs recoil,
Thou British bayonet !

For on the land's extremest verge,
The serried lines will be

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

Ready his columns back to drive,
And whelm them in the sea.

The Guards, the Line, will stand their ground,
And we, too, shall be there,
Prepared to fight for hearth and home,
And you, ye British fair!

For though from plough, or loom, or desk,
We troop at war's alarms,
Our hearts are full of high emprise,
As theirs whose trade is arms.

Then while the sons of camp and sea
You honour with your cheers,
One hearty shout, one kindly wish,
Keep for us Volunteers!

B.



THE VILLAGE SHOP.

At the corner of the road
Stands the little village store,
Where the rustics congregate
Round the ever-open door.

Heaped within its little space,
Who can tell the treasures there?
Bacon, sugar, herrings, bread,
Bowls and cups of earthenware.

THE VILLAGE SHOP.

Brooms and brushes laid along,
O'er the head suspended high,
Where the candles in a row
With the cheese in fragrance vie.

Braces dangle from the wall,
Bright cravats for men are there,
Coloured socks of many hues,
Ribbons gay and kerchiefs fair.

Shelves of bread, and casks of salt,
Yellow butter, eggs like snow ;
Hessian, calico, and print,
Oranges in shining row.

Drawers where many reels of thread,
Tape, and cotton tangled lie—
Pins and needles, bodkins, tape,
Skeins of worsted you may buy.

Bottles green of sugar-stick,
Peppermint, or lollipop ;
All is found within the walls
Of the little village shop.

L.





THE SEVEN WORKS OF MERCY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

MILD star of heavenly love,
Shining from skies above
On earth's dark gloom ;

THE SEVEN WORKS OF MERCY.

Shining from God's own eye,
As He sits throned on high,
Our hearts to illume.

As the pure light of heaven
Bedecks with colours seven
The rainbow's curve,
So—spread in seven bright streams—
Thou sendest down thy beams,
Mankind to serve.

Body and soul receive
The light and life they give,
Joy springs from woe ;
Joy overflows his heart
Who makes it his loved part
Thy works to show.

Bread to the poor he breaks,
When gnawing hunger makes
The strong man faint ;
Drink to the thirsting pours,
When they besiege his doors
With bitter plaint.

He clothes with tender care
The limbs made cold and bare
By hard distress ;
Seeks on the dungeon stones
Him whose chafed ankle-bones
The fetters press.

THE SEVEN WORKS OF MERCY.

He seeks the lonely bed,
Where the sick lays his head
In fevered pain ;



The stranger entertains
And helps, till he regains
His home again.

PERSEVERANCE.

And should some pale corpse lie
Under a frowning sky,
On the bleak shore,
He does, with spirit brave—
Shrouding it in the grave—
His one work more.



P E R S E V E R A N C E .

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

ON a bed of sickness lying,
Wounded, hopeless, ill, and faint,
Robert Bruce, great King of Scotland,
Thus began his sad complaint :

“On the field the battle’s chances
Six times have I tried in vain ;
Six times turned, dethroned, defeated,
To the battle-field again.

“All my valiant men are slaughtered,
Split and shattered sword and shield,
And I feel I soon my spirit
To my last foe, Death, must yield.

PERSEVERANCE.

Take the crown away, ye foemen;
Thou, O God, my spirit take,
For my hopes are past and shattered,
And I feel my heart will break."

As the King was thus complaining,
Praying God to end his days,
He beheld a busy spider
Swinging in the sun's warm rays.

In the stone-arched window hanging,
With surprising art and strength
Carries she her thread, to fasten
To the wall its slender length.

And he saw the spider's efforts
Every time seemed quite in vain;
Each time that she tried to reach it,
Each time fell she back again.

Six times he beheld her newly
Rise with unabated zeal,
Till, encouraged by her patience,
He began new hope to feel.

"If," thought he, "the spider's efforts
At the seventh time succeed,
I my few remaining soldiers
To the battle-field will lead."

Once more sideways swung the spider,
And this time she gained the day:

THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

Who is true and persevering,
To despair need ne'er give way.

With new courage from his bed sprang
Robert Bruce, the hero brave—
Once more saw his foes with terror
Scotland's banner o'er them wave.

And, with bold determination,
Kept he still his aim in view—
Like the spider, never halted
Till his work was finished too ;

Till upon the throne in splendour
Once again he took his place ;
Then the spider he remembered
As the saviour of his race.

And he told his sons the story—
Told his sons and grandsons too—
How the Bruce's fame and glory
To the spider's work is due.

M.



THE GARDENER'S GRANDCHILD.

"WHICH is the Queen of the Roses ?
Gardener, can you tell ?"
"Oh ! the Queen of the Roses to me, Sir,
Is my own little grandchild Nell.



“She waters the flowers for me, Sir,
She carries them out to sell;
Not one is so bright to me, Sir,
As my own little grandchild Nell.

“She works in my garden too, Sir,
She weeds in the shady dell,

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Where the violets and the lilies
Blossom around my Nell.

"I love the flowers I've tended,
More years than I can tell ;
Geranium, sweet pea, fuchsia,
Jessamine, gentianelle ;

"Salvia, and china aster,
Heliotrope, heather bell ;
My flowers have been my treasures,
Next to my grandchild Nell.

"But the Rose is the Queen of the Flowers,
As every one can tell,
And *she* is the Queen of the Roses,
My own granddaughter Nell.

L.



THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN the year's best prime is over,
When he's growing old and grey ;
When the leaves begin to redden,
And the flowers to fade away ;

Then—as if one last glance throwing
Back to summer's past delight,
One last, ling'ring farewell taking,
Ere he sinks in endless night,—

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Comes a little golden season,
When the sun shines all the day,
Like one glorious sunset on us,
Bathing all in crimson ray.

Then the air is clear and mellow,
Rich the colours on the trees ;
Distant sounds are heard distinctly,
Borne on every passing breeze.

Fog and damp, and chilling showers,
Cold and wind then take their flight ;
Bright and clear as Alpine summers
Shines the day from morn till night.

Then the moon in fuller glory
Through the crisp and buoyant air
Sheds a purer, softer radiance,
Silvery gilding everywhere.

But this lovely Indian summer
Soon must pass, like Alpine glow ;
It must, with its wondrous beauty,
Fade, like all things here below.

Yet there is a light more golden,
In a land more bright and fair,—
Never-fading sunset glory,—
Let us strive to see it there.

M.



N E L L Y.

'Tis five o'clock, the school is out,
And boys and girls, with merry shout,
Are bounding forth to play.
But one young child, with thoughtful mien,
Alone turns from the merry scene,
The games upon the village green,
And homeward takes her way.

Does she love more than fun or noise,
And merry play with girls and boys,
The quiet wood's deep shade?—
The rustling of the summer breeze,
The sunlight glancing through the trees,
The song of birds and hum of bees,
Within its mossy glade?—

Oh, no; for she delights in fun
And frolic, when her work is done;
And none can play as well
At Hunt the Hare, or Prisoner's Base,—
Can jump or skip, or run a race,
Or twine a wreath with lighter grace,
Than rosy little Nell.

And she likes, too, amongst the flowers
To spend the pleasant playtime hours;
But now she leaves behind



The primrose and the pimpernel;
The fragrant lily's snowy bell,
The fern-leaf growing in the dell,
She lingers not to find.

Across the bridge she wends her way,
For father's very ill to-day,
And wants his little Nell;

THE MILKMAID.

And greater joy than play or fun
She finds in duties gladly done—
Approval from her parents won,
The guerdon she loves well.

M.



THE MILKMAID.

OH! happy the milkmaid's life,
Passed among hill and glen,
Far from the city's strife,
And the noise and din of men.
She rises with early dawn,
With a heart all free from care,
And taking her snowy pail,
Goes forth in the dewy air.

Such pleasant things abound
In earth—in air above—
All nature seems around
To tell of life and love.
The pigeon sings its lay
In the wood beyond the brook,
And fragrant flowers grow
In every sunny nook.

And soon the sun will tinge
The top of the poplar trees,
Whose leaves are dancing now,
In the early morning breeze;

THE ERL KING.

And the bees are gathering in
The honey of the limes;
Oh! 'tis pleasant on summer morns,
To be up and abroad betimes.

And tho' in winter days
Come frost and cold and snow,
And the far sun's feeble rays
Give forth no kindly glow;
There's pleasure even then
In the milkmaid's daily life;
For around duty's paths
Blessings are ever rife.

L.



THE ERL KING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOËTHE.)

Who rides so late thro' night and wind?
It is the father with his child,
Who seeks within his arms to find
A shelter from the tempest wild.

"My son, what seest thou thro' the rain?"
"O father, 'tis the Erl King—hist!—
The Erl King with his crown and train."
"My son, 'tis but a streak of mist."

"Thou lovely child, come go with me,
My happy land fair flowers bless;

THE ERL KING.

All joyous sports I'll play with thee,
And deck thee in a golden dress."

"Oh! hear'st thou not, my father dear,
The promise which the Erl King makes?"
"Be still, my child, and calm thy fear,
The withered leaves the tempest shakes."

"Come, go with me, thou darling boy;
Thee shall my daughters fondly tend,
Around thee dance and give thee joy,
And gentle slumbers to thee send."

"My father, look, by yonder spot,
The Erl King's daughters! Oh, so soon!"
"Be still, my son; I see them not;
The willows but reflect the moon."

"Thou lovely boy, come, come with me,
Or else by force thou shalt be won."
"O father! his cold hand's on me,
The Erl King harm to me has done!"

Like wind the frightened father rode,
His trembling son he clasped in dread;
He reached in haste his own abode,
But in his arms the child lay dead.

A.





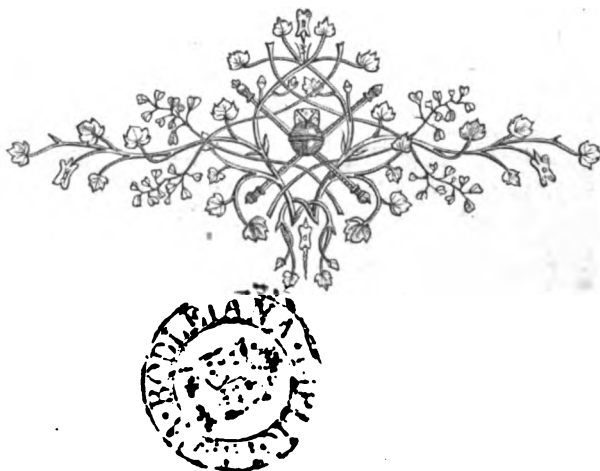
EVENING.

SEE, the rooks are homeward flying,
In the yellow evening sky,
When the summer sun is setting,
'Mid bright clouds of many a dye.

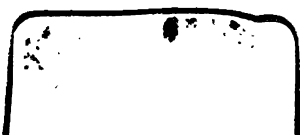
EVENING.

And the peasant lad all weary
Wends his way across the moor,
With a whistle loud and cheery—
Work is done—the day is o'er.

Bees around the hive are humming,
Bringing home their golden store;
Children from their play are coming,
Wearied—they can play no more.
O'er the grass the dew is falling,
Flowers close up their petals bright;
Birds are roosting—friends are calling,
As they pass, "Good night—good night!"



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